THE
NATION

MARCH 5, 1960 . . 25c

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ACCIDENT or AGGRESSION?

The Ultimate Decision in the Minimum Time

Congressman Charles O. Porter

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A LITTLE POISON in YOUR FOOD

Milton Viorst

THE NEGRO BIDS for UNION POWER

Dick Bruner

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LETTERS

The Folding Shelter

Dear Sirs: After reading Carl Dreher's "Pie in the Sky" in your February 13 issue, I watched Frank McGee performing in NBC-TV's *World-Wide '60*. Just to show you that I am an optimist, I'll renew my *Nation* subscription for the three years of the missile gap. I was tempted to write NBC and suggest that they talk to someone at *The Nation* for a fresh approach to the armaments race, but what's the use? This period of propaganda is a ritual we must endure. . . .

The *World-Wide '60* program was forty minutes gone before anyone in it mentioned that the Nike Zeus, detonating an approaching missile, would likely make its hit very close to the American target city, and that the resultant atomic fallout would be a danger. That was the first word of concern in the program for the lowest stratum of American society — the citizen-taxpayer. I ask myself the question: "Will the decision for an all-out nuclear war be made by someone in a bomb-proof shelter, or by someone like myself with a Republican newspaper as his only protection?"

VERDIE L. HAGENSTAD

Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: "Pie in the Sky," by Carl Dreher (*The Nation,* Feb. 13) is one of the most revealing articles I have ever read on how our government throws, splashes, kicks, away the taxpayers' money. . . . The Eisenhower-Nixon Administration has no hesitation in subsidizing the aerospace industry to the tune of tens of billions of our dollars, yet squeals to high heaven greet any plan for federal aid to our educational system. Lining the pockets of big business with projects of the most wasteful and futile is free enterprise—building sorely needed schools is creeping socialism!

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Traveling Brief Case

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the editorial entitled "Schizophrenic Industrialists" in *The Nation* of February 20. There is much to what *The Nation's* editors have said. But Chairman Durfee faces a dilemma too. Seldom in history has there been such urgency in spending so much to develop so few airplanes which can do so much to shrink passenger schedules and be of so much service in a single day!

A person who crosses the ocean in a Mach 3 plane in the early morning and leaves his brief case aboard accidentally, might find that the plane — and brief case — have made six to eight trips before he has stopped by the airport at nightfall to retrieve the case. This staggers the imagination and points up the propaganda value at stake for the nation which provides the plane to accomplish the feat.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
U.S. Senator (Wash.)

Washington, D.C.

Prejudice and Policemen

Dear Sirs: Before a committee investigating police brutality toward minority groups in Los Angeles, the head of the city's police department referred to "some Mexican-Americans" as not being far removed from the wild tribes of Mexico. I know that such displays of bigotry toward minority groups are not uncommon among police chiefs. In Los Angeles, however, they are particularly dangerous; the memory of the 1943 race riots in this city, and of the role played in them by the police, is still fresh in the minds of the Latin-American community here.

It ought to be obvious to every thoughtful citizen that the most important qualification for a policeman, whether he be an ordinary "cop on the beat" or the head of a department, is that he be fair, impartial and without prejudice in enforcing the law.

ADOLPH VILLABRAZO

Los Angeles, Calif.

France's New Slogan

Dear Sirs: Recent headlines out of Paris and the Sahara relative to de Gaulle's frenetic drive for status may alter the national motto of the French Republic to read: *"Liberté, Egalité, Radioactivité."*

HARRY CIMRING

Los Angeles, Calif.

Gods of Wrath

Dear Sirs: I plead guilty to the charge of ignorance in the Chessman case. It was not until I read Mr. Meister's article in *The Nation* of Feb. 20, and his earlier one of October 17, 1959, that things became clear to me. . . . Before my conversion, I shouted "Revenge!" Now I wonder what happened to Justice Harlan's opinion of 1957; if Chessman has been denied due process, as the Justice said, then let us (the public) make a searching inquiry into those events which made the denial possible.

ALLAN J. ALLEN

Cambridge, Mass.

The New Ideas

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the lead editorial in the February 6 *Nation*. The issue in this election year is indeed peace. But the Democrats don't seem to know it and Nixon is for peace only in a negative sense. He has no positive program. We could get a repetition of the upheaval of a century ago (although I doubt it), but let us hope a war will not follow if there should be a flood of new ideas and political forces. One dif-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1960
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'Disarmament Mess'

This is the title under which the Cassandra of the Cold War, Joseph Alsop, discusses the present position of the Western Alliance vis-à-vis the Soviet Union in the disarmament contest. It is a contest as much as the Olympic Games, for all the world is watching. And the Russians are winning, for whatever their motives, they make it look as if they want disarmament, and, whatever our motives, we make it look as if we don't. It is entirely possible, of course, that appearances are not deceiving. The Russians may really want disarmament and peace, because this condition would be to their interest as they see it, while we — or at least our government — while not desiring war, may prefer the indefinite continuation of a state of affairs which is neither war nor peace. It certainly looks that way when one considers the vested interests of our war economy and its dependence on that annual $46 billion appropriation for defense which no longer defends.

These things Alsop does not say, but he says some things which are certainly not inconsistent with them. The mess of which he complains is that the United States seems incapable of making up its mind. When a great and powerful country is in a state of painful indecision, something is fundamentally wrong. Crucial mistakes have been made and are still being made. Our British, French, Italian and Canadian allies ask us what our position on disarmament is and, with East-West talks on the subject due to be resumed on March 15, we reply, in effect, that we have been unable to reach a decision. We are still debating with ourselves. The new committee formed last summer under the Boston lawyer, Charles Coolidge, came up with substantially nothing. Now a New York lawyer, Frederick Eaton, is supposed to be carrying the ball. He is perhaps willing and able, but where is the ball? The view of the State Department is that we must talk about nuclear disarmament, and of course this is incontrovertible. Even in diplomacy, with all its shams, there is no use talking about rifles when hydrogen-headed ICBMs are on the pads ready to go. But the Defense Department policy-makers, and specifically the Joint Chiefs of Staff, regard any discussion of nuclear disarmament as "unthinkable," in Alsop's phrase — and he is in a position to know. Hence our paralysis. But of course there is a Constitutional provision for such impasses — the President has the power and duty of decision. He had better decide, and soon. The present situation does offer an opportunity for some sort of *modus vivendi,* even if an uneasy one, between two armed camps. But opportunities evaporate as quickly through indecision as through wrong decisions.

The Nation Proposes

The Soviet Union has announced that it will open a University of Friendship in Moscow which will offer specialized training, with all expenses paid, to students from Asia, Africa and Latin America. Five hundred students will be enrolled the first year, with an ultimate enrollment of about four thousand. There is, of course, no more reason to doubt that the technical training offered will be first rate than there is to doubt that the visiting students will be the subject of Soviet propaganda and indoctrination. All the same, the idea warrants the flattery of imitation — with variations. The District of Columbia is the home of a unique American educational institution: Howard University, chartered and opened in 1867 by the Freedmen's Bureau. Unlike Hampton Institute — which was also originally sponsored by the Freedmen's Bureau — Howard is entirely supported by the federal government; it has no endowment. Currently, some 5,000 students are enrolled — 2,200 in the Arts and Science program, the rest in the graduate schools (Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Social Work). Since the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, Howard's position has become anomalous; the government can hardly continue to support indefinitely an institution which is primarily dedicated to the education of Negroes even though, in principle, it follows a policy of desegregation. A few white students have always attended Howard; in fact, some of the first white women to receive M.D. degrees in this country were graduates of its Medical School.

But Howard does need a new purpose; and to convert it, as has been suggested, into a municipal university for the District of Columbia is hardly consistent with its original idea or its fine tradition. Why not,

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then, transform Howard into a great international university to which selected students from every quarter of the earth would be brought as guests of the government, with all expenses paid? Some additional facilities would doubtless have to be provided, but much is already at hand, including an excellent faculty and an ideal location. The Capital has a fine array of cultural institutions, and foreign students at Howard could observe the functioning of our national government at close range.

A rededication of this sort would give new vitality and significance to one of this country's most remarkable educational institutions. Student exchange programs are a step in the right direction, but eventually an international community — if it is to become a reality — must be supported by at least a limited number of international educational institutions. Let Howard be among the first.

An Affluence of Effluvium

The President has signed his first veto of the Second Session: Congress wanted to raise federal anti-pollution aid to state and local governments from $50,000,000 to $90,000,000, whereas Mr. Eisenhower insists that it be cut to $20,000,000 for this year and then discontinued altogether. The House failed, by twenty-two votes, to over-ride the veto, even though the measure enjoys virtually universal support. Only two organizations, the National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, spoke out against it, and the N.A.M. was itself sharply divided on the issue. Why should a measure so clearly in the public interest, and which involves but a pittance by comparison with other budget items, be the subject of a White House veto and extended debate? As the President sees it, federal assistance might tempt local communities to delay essential water-pollution measures. But in the four years since the program has been in effect, local communities have appropriated $4.70 for every $1 of federal assistance, the highest local-to-federal ratio of any national aid program.

The modern water-pollution problem — quite unlike anything of the kind we have known in the past — is a direct by-product of the factors, such as accelerated technological innovation, new industrial processes, an expanding urban population, etc., which have created the affluent society. But the connection is so obvious that nobody sees it. On the President's initiative, Congress appropriates billions to pollute the earth's atmosphere with radioactive fallout — and with hardly more debate than it has given this financially insignificant item of "must" legislation. Can it be that, along with the social myopia which an affluent society seems to foster, our sense of smell has atrophied to the extent that the President and his advisers are unaware of the effluvium that pollutes so many American rivers, lakes and harbors? Or is the real explanation simply that we chalk up the gains in GNP as though our burgeoning productivity did not also occasion some small debit items on the social side of the ledger? Whatever the cause, the delay in enacting the water-pollution measure is a symptom of blindness to social need in a period of unrivaled prosperity.

The Air Force Credo

Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates is described by *The New York Times* as "furious" about the training manuals published by the armed services, in particular the Air Force publication which stated that Communists had infiltrated the nation's Protestant churches. He apologized publicly to the National Council of Churches, the largest and most influential cooperative body of the Protestant churches in the United States, and in a letter to the three service secretaries referred to "glaring inaccuracies" and material "lacking good taste or common sense." The Secretary was certainly not overstating the case, but the question arises: how did large sections of the services, and in particular the Air Force, get that way? For there is every reason to believe that thousands, perhaps a majority, of airmen and their officers believe the scurrilous drivel in the Air Force *Guide for Security Indoctrination*. Nor is the Secretary's admonition likely to change their minds. In fact, the Washington bureau of the New York *Daily News* reports under date of February 24 that while the Air Force has revoked the manual, it is retaining the section on "How to Stop Communism in America," which included the drivel about the Reds taking over American Protestantism. Presumably when the furore has died down, and Secretary Gates's attention has been diverted, the chapter — with or without deletions — will be used in a new edition, this time advantageously combined with the manual instructing ambitious airmen on how to wash an officer's dog.

John G. Norris, who reports on military matters for the Washington *Post*, has come up with the most illuminating examination of the Air Force psyche that we have seen. He points out that the Air Force, living in what amounts to a "war-alert" situation, has become addicted to the delusions and manias normal to wartime. Isolated in their own communities and occupations, its field personnel tend to see God and country in their own images, and there is no one to correct them, for the officers are scarcely more enlightened than the enlisted men. Norris says that a survey made ten years ago showed that only 47 per cent of the Regular Air Force officers were college graduates, compared to 71 per cent in the Army and 87 per cent in the Navy. The Air Force tried to remedy this situation by launching "Operation Bookstrap" and suc-

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ceeded in raising the ratio to 56 per cent by means of night, correspondence and extension courses. It is doubtful, however, that the devoted crammers have been converted into potential Einsteins and Veblens.

If Secretary Gates is determined to bring political sophistication to the Air Force, he has his work cut out for him. Even its highest officers show precious little of it in their public announcements — and probably less, if that be possible, in their thinking.

Rocky's Folly

Seldom has a proposal by a popular governor received such a frigid reception as Governor Rockefeller's request for mandatory legislation compelling New Yorkers to build shelters against nuclear fallout. And seldom has an Executive proposal deserved more unqualified condemnation. Much of the opposition stems from the wrong reasons. The legislators yearn for reelection, and they remember the Governor's 1959 demand for increased income taxes, and the acquiescence of the GOP-dominated Legislature. Some voters may show their resentment in 1960, especially if the Governor rubs it in by requiring them to spend still more money. But the political motivation is not the only one. Many citizens, whose integrity is no less than Governor Rockefeller's, will refuse to obey the law, if it is passed, for reasons of conscience. The situation is made to order for conscientious objectors, some of whom will undoubtedly challenge the law in the courts.

Air-raid drills, shelters and all the other expedients of civil defense are a means of mass psychological conditioning for nuclear warfare. The inference is that it's not going to be so awful, after all; if you survive the blast and the fire, you can remain in a hole in the ground for a few weeks and emerge as good as new. In New York City, for instance? Even if some of the city is left, where will the water come from, and power? A single hydrogen bomb landing anywhere along the East River would dispose of three Consolidated Edison generating plants, the New York Steam Company station, and the BMT subway-power generating plant recently purchased from the city. Most of the feeder and distribution network would go with the plants. And what about water? The river water would be contaminated; as for the aqueducts, anyone can buy a 20-cent topographical map from the federal government which shows that a single bomb planted on Putnam County will contaminate and knock out Catskill and Delaware, and contaminate the whole Croton watershed. Aside from these material problems, which one may or may not be willing to face, why should anyone want to live in a world which has resorted to nuclear warfare and the immolation of millions of men, women and children as a method of settling political problems?

"The people are not ready for this," a high-ranking Democrat is quoted as saying. "They need an educational program to convince them of the need for such a plan. They have a sense of fatalism about the chances of survival in a nuclear attack and they are also concerned about the cost of building these things." The educational program will need to be convincing indeed. With still more skyscrapers planned for the Grand Central area and the city in the midst of the greatest building boom in its history, the people may be pardoned for a certain amount of skepticism. The Governor, to be sure, has done his best to overcome qualms about the cost. He plans to build a shelter for himself and his family *at his own expense*. With borrowed funds, no doubt.

Strange Noises

Angry voices, echoing in the United States Senate and elsewhere, have denounced the world-wide interest shown in the case of Caryl Chessman as some kind of plot to overthrow established law and order in California. *U.S. News and World Report*, ever vigilant to expose Communist conspiracies, is convinced on the basis of evidence uncited that the Kremlin inspired the protest — presumably including the editorial plea for clemency in *L'Osservatore Romano* — which resulted in "the strange spectacle of the highest courts in the United States being 'overruled' by pressure from abroad." What courts have been "overruled," which decisions have been set aside? Under particular attack has been the action of Assistant Secretary of State Rubottom in voicing the State Department's concern about the effect Chessman's execution might have on Latin American opinion on the eve of the President's visit. But the late John Foster Dulles did not hesitate to urge former Governor James Folsom of Alabama to commute the death sentence in a case that had aroused intense interest in Europe. Even earlier, President Woodrow Wilson did not hesitate to communicate with California officials about the Tom Mooney case.

What Governor Brown's purblind critics do not recognize is that world opinion is one of the unmistakable realities of the modern age. Why shouldn't citizens of a world becoming increasingly inter-dependent voice their concern about a case that is everywhere regarded as a symbol of the new interest in the abolition of the death penalty? Americans are themselves among the busiest wire-senders and petition-circulators; millions of us, literally, have protested executions and prison sentences in almost every land on earth. There is nothing "sinister" in the world-wide interest shown in the Chessman case; on the contrary, it is a hopeful omen that the impending enactment of an obscene and barbarous ritual can arouse this much concern among millions of people. What is sinister is the attempt to interpret this interest as a plot inspired by the Kremlin.

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A LITTLE POISON IN YOUR FOOD . . *by Milton Viorst*

THE PRESIDENT delivered a reproach to Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Arthur S. Flemming early in February when, submitting to the demands of agricultural interests, he ordered a government committee to study the use of chemicals in the human diet.

President Eisenhower's action gave the food industry an important round in a battle that Secretary Flemming and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have been waging to protect the consumer against chronic poisoning from these pesticides and additives. The battle has been under way for several years, but it took the Great Cranberry Scandal of 1959 to bring it to the public's attention.

The chronic-poisoning problem is something new in human history. It used to be that if a man ate his meal and escaped a bellyache, he could feel that his food was safe. The discoveries of modern chemistry nullified this conception. Within the past few decades, but principally since World War II, the chemical industry has forged a link in the human food chain that is profitable for itself and, at the same time, vital to the consumer. Chemistry has made food less expensive, tastier and more attractive. It has made America's supply more abundant, more mobile and, in many respects, much more healthful. But many are now aware that chemistry's wonders may be also laden with countless hidden hazards to human health. The threat is not the kind that kills or lays its victims low as dinner goes through the digestive process. It is the kind that lies concealed in the diet and spreads its damages over a lifetime.

Scientists began only recently to recognize the menace of chronic poisoning, because of the great difficulty of detecting damage in body tissues that results from the continuous ingestion of minute amounts of a chemical substance. For years after the discovery, FDA was hard pressed to do anything about it. The only available weapon against a chemical was laboratory proof that it was harmful. This was difficult to achieve, particularly to the satisfaction of a court of law. Within the past few years, some progress has been made, but effective detection still defies research. This absence of scientific certainty has weakened the position of Flemming and the FDA before the President and the nation.

At the urging of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Congress took cognizance of this problem in 1954 and enacted a suitable law to control pesticides. In 1958, it followed with an adequate additives law which gave manufacturers two years to have additives then in use approved by the FDA. The two-year period ends on March 6, next week.

The import of these new laws was to shift the burden of proof from the government, requiring the industry to demonstrate the safety of its products in the quantities it desired to use them. The job will prove no easier for industry's laboratories than it was for the government's.

HOW does one prove that a chemical is "safe"? By proving, as far as possible, that it's not unsafe. But like the proof of some sticky theological point, there always remains some doubt. In this case, a number of tests have been devised to reveal tissue damage caused by chemicals. The tests are by no means exhaustive or, for that matter, beyond reproach. The evidence must be collected from animals. If no tissue damage is discovered after a given quantity of a chemical is fed to two animal species—usually the rat and the dog—the presumption is strong it will be absent in the human. This presumption is sometimes wrong. Aware of this, FDA sets its tolerances with ample margin for quantitative error. But it cannot refuse a manufacturer's petition if he has demonstrated that his chemical has passed all the known tests. FDA researchers, when they're not bogged down by other tasks, try to devise new tests. But no honest scientist would deny the existence of a vast unknown area within the testing framework.

This is to say nothing of the cancer factor, which stands by itself in the pattern of chronic poisons. Legally, FDA can authorize the use in small quantities of a chemical that in large quantities causes, for example, liver or heart damage. But under the so-called Delaney Amendment to the 1958 additives law, no substance that, used in any quantity, induces cancer in animals can be allowed in the human diet. The amendment, generated in part by the terror which cancer creates, is based on the theory that cancer-producing substances cause an "irreversible reaction." Science has no evidence, however, that an equally "irreversible reaction" is not begun by chemicals that cause other diseases. The theory, in effect, is that a little heart disease isn't as bad as a little cancer. The food industry argues that this theory is as phony as Hoxsey's cancer cure. But Flemming supports it and insists he will continue to do so.

As if these complexities were not enough, FDA must be on the alert for possibilities like these: (1) that a harmless chemical in one food does not react with a harmless chemical in another to produce a dangerous compound; (2) that the peculiar eating habits of some people do not lead to the consumption of a chemical in dangerous quantities; (3) that a chemical authorized in one food does not add up to a dangerous amount in the total diet if permitted in several foods.

NOWHERE is there greater awareness of how little is known about the effect of these chemicals than in the FDA. Responsible officials are frankly worried about what they are doing, and frustrated because they lack the facilities to find out. FDA scientists have all they can do to process industry's petitions for new additives and pesticides. There is hardly a minute left for research. FDA's budget for research in 1959 was $1.8 million. This year, thanks largely to Representative John E.

MILTON VIORST, as a reporter for the Washington (D.C.) Post, has made a thorough study of the problems confronting the Federal Food and Drug Administration.

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Fogarty (D., R.I.), a champion of the consumer in Congress, FDA's appropriation was increased, over the objections of the Administration, and $2.8 million was made available. The 1961 budget proposed $2.9 million for research. In comparison, the sum requested for agricultural research—which is undertaken for the *benefit* of the industry and not to *supervise* it—is $139.3 million. There is a certain irony in the President's designation of a new committee to study the very subject that FDA cannot study because his Budget Bureau has refused to assign the funds.

But when industry mounts its attack, it is not against FDA's scientific activities. It would be unfair to the chemical industry to imply that it prefers, all other things being equal, ignorance to enlightenment. Industry's contention is simply this: It is unfair for Arthur Flemming and the FDA to enforce so strenuously regulations which, they say, are based on arguable scientific premises. This is the contention that was at the heart of the Great Cranberry Scandal.

This episode occurred when Flemming refused to wink at an industry's patent violation of FDA's pesticide regulations. The cranberry growers had been authorized to use aminotriazole, the weed killer which became a household word last November, immediately *after* harvest. Residues left when it was applied *before* harvest were shown to produce cancer in animals. FDA had condemned some tainted cranberries in 1957 and counted on the deterrent effect of this action to last. Its confidence was misplaced. The cranberry industry has since acknowledged that aminotriazole was used, to an unknown degree, in 1958. In 1959, FDA became aware of what the market place had long known—that aminotriazole was still being used incorrectly in many places. At this point, Flemming held his famous press conference, warning the public against cranberry consumption and, in effect, embargoing an entire year's crop for berry-by-berry inspection.

A cranberry grower in Massachusetts or Oregon could hardly be expected to understand Flemming's act. In aminotriazole, he had a relatively inexpensive weapon against

A Child's Chemically Treated Garden of Verses

Little drops of diethylstilbestrol,
Little grains of aminotriazole
Make it mighty dangerous eating
In this pleasant land.

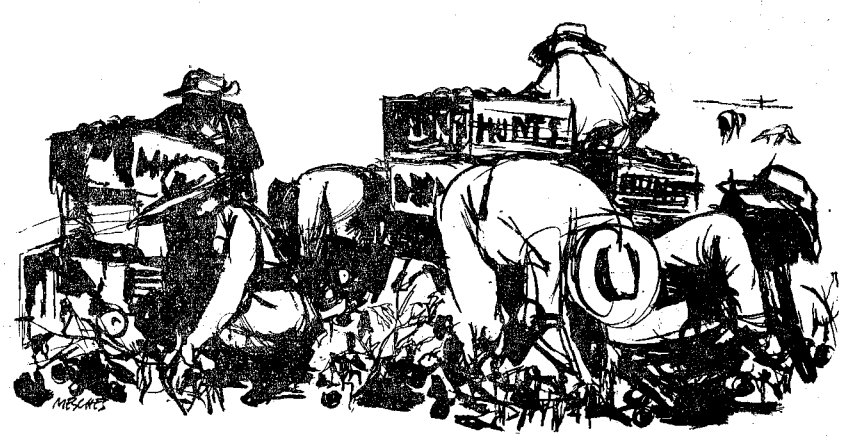
MARY T. RAUTH

his perennial adversary—the weed. The publications he read told him the FDA had discovered that large quantities of aminotriazole caused cancer in animals. No evidence, however, indicated that small quantities caused cancer in man. It would not take an evil, indifferent farmer to wonder if the whole thing was not the invention of some bureaucrat in Washington. A little aminotriazole could save or enlarge his crop, pay his mortgage, send his kids to school, buy a new farm implement.

Industry spokesmen could justifiably protest the Flemming technique of enforcement by press conference. The less charitable wags in Washington have said this is Flemming's way of acquiring second place on the Republican ticket for the fall elections. Perhaps, but Flemming has shown himself a zealous enforcer of the food and drug law. Though he has never been known to challenge the Administration publicly for more funds, within the framework of the law and the budgets assigned him he has operated a regulatory agency that seeks to regulate. Other such agencies in Washington cannot say the same. In the case of the cranberry scandal, the press conference was the only weapon he possessed.

The current Administration is not alone to blame for the weakness of the Food and Drug Administration. Throughout its history, FDA has been a stepchild in the federal establishment. The Congress which established it in 1906 assumed that agricultural products needed little policing, while manufactured drugs and foods were so uniform that sampling was good enough. This thinking established the "spot-check" tradition in FDA enforcement. The Democrats of the thirties and forties were hardly generous to FDA and the Eisenhower Administration, in its first few years, starved it. By the mid-fifties, however, sensitive people were becoming aware of the problems modern science was creating in the name of better foods and drugs. Since publication of a shocking citizens' report in 1955, FDA support has gradually increased. This is more to the credit of a militant group of Congressmen, however, than to a generous Budget Bureau. FDA's staff of inspectors is still limited to fewer than 400 men, assigned to police something like 400,000 factories, 2,000,000 farmers and the never-ending challenge of quackery and dishonesty. Two inspectors are responsible, for instance, for the detection of pesticide violations from Maryland to North Carolina. They, in turn, are hampered by a shortage of laboratory facilities for the testing of the crop samples they submit.

A quick look at the cranberry episode will disclose that FDA was lucky to catch the contamination in the crop. The industry had for several years been tipping its hand because aminotriazole works so effectively on cranberry bogs. When the cranberry growers howled that they were being singled out for punishment, they were right. This



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was simply Flemming's way of notifying the food-producing industry that he refused to be a party to its pesticide violations. Had he resorted to the cumbersome due-process procedure that FDA is required to follow to make its seizures, at least two more weeks would have passed before cranberry shipments could have been halted. Since November, some 325,800 pounds of contaminated cranberries have been seized. An unknown quantity certainly slipped through; the public presumably consumed these, along with most of the 1958 crop.

No one can estimate reliably the extent of pesticide cheating. FDA officials concede that it is likely to increase because new and more powerful chemicals keep coming on the market, many aimed at weed and insect strains that eluded earlier killers. Withal, it can be safely—or unsafely—said that violations are widespread. Foods with unauthorized residues are reaching the dinner table every day.

There is thus something ludicrous in the food industry's complaint that Flemming and the FDA have been overzealous in enforcing pesticide and additive regulations. Flemming may be disturbed and anxious about violations, but he hardly has the tools to be overzealous in stopping them. The President's statement designating the study committee provided specifically that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is to continue enforcing the law pending a report. This was at least some consolation for Flemming, because powerful farm groups had been pressing for him to go slow while the study was under way. It may be argued that Eisenhower's move was a gesture designed to mollify the farm groups while maintaining Flemming's authority. Still, it is hard to see what a special committee will discover that FDA scientists, who have been working with this problem for years, do not already know—or know they don't know. More work in FDA or Public Health Service laboratories would appear to be a much more logical answer. The vexing part about this problem is that man is the object of all this research and he is a very bad experimental animal. He may die the victim of a chemical in his diet. But if he has taken it in tiny doses all his life, chances are no one will ever know.

ACCIDENT OR AGGRESSION? . . *by Charles O. Porter*

IF YOU place six chimpanzees in a small room with a couple of baskets of live hand grenades, a minor catastrophe is inevitable. If you place error-prone human beings in proximity to thousands of nuclear weapons, a major catastrophe is inevitable and the triggering of an all-out massive exchange is probable.

Brigadier (Ret.) C. N. Barclay, British military expert, correctly describes the problem in *The New York Times Magazine* of August 23, 1959, but he reaches the conclusion that the real danger is ten, fifteen or twenty years ahead when many more nations possess nuclear weapons. The risk of a fatal mistake now, he thinks, is "much less than most people suppose."

I respectfully but emphatically dissent. In my opinion, the danger is now and it is extreme. As for what "most people" may suppose about the risk, I can only say I wish more people, in and out of government and the military establishment, thought about the situation at all.

Two attitudes, often not fully articulated, seem to predominate. One is that our atomic doom is inevitable and that nothing will avert it. The other is that something will turn up, as always. Both points of view provide ready excuses for doing nothing.

Barclay recognizes that while nobody wants a full-scale nuclear war, a war by "mistake" or "accident" is likely because of the "necessity for maintaining weapons of obliteration in instant readiness." He points out that this is an unprecedented situation for which history has little guidance. I agree with that definition of the situation, but I have to leave him when he seeks to minimize the risk of a mistake by stating that "we can be sure" missiles have to be made "live" by "teams under responsible leaders . . . especially selected . . . controlled by headquarters and highly trained staffs. . . ."

Barclay writes, "In these circumstances the chances of a mistake, although not entirely removed, are remote." He cannot conceive that one explosion could trigger a world-wide nuclear war, nor that a tactical atomic war could become a full-scale nuclear war. I think the cards are stacked now for vast destruction and death. The facts, simple and undisputed, add up, in my opinion, to World War III in the very near future as the result of an unauthorized or accidental nuclear explosion. This is the war nobody wants and everybody fears.

THE FACTS can be stated in a few words. First, thousands of nuclear weapons, many of unthinkable power, exist today. Second, almost all of them are ready for instant detonation. Third, their custodians are human beings.

A nuclear explosion resulting from mechanical defect or inadvertence is only remotely possible, but the same is not true with respect to human fallibility. I discussed this matter last year with Herbert B. Loper, Assistant Defense Secretary for Atomic Energy. He agreed that, given the prevalence of such human errors and

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NON-SURVIVABILITY PLUS . . *by George G. Kirstein*

THE WAY to disarm is to arm. A country has to have more arms than its potential enemy in order to negotiate disarmament from a position of strength. Once we have arms superiority, the Russians will presumably be forced to disarm. One odd thing about this prevailing current doctrine is that it is not expected to work in reverse. If the Russians gain arms superiority over us, we will not begin to disarm—we will "close the gap." Another curious thing about it is that when we did have arms superiority—when we had the A-bomb and the Russians didn't—neither they nor we disarmed. They closed the gap.

But just because the theory has not worked so far in either direction is no reason to abandon it. The task before us is to compose a logic to justify our immutable theory, and for this purpose we need a new language. Fortunately such an instrument is already at hand, for both the armed services and the research centers of the great universities have men trained in the manufacture of a new jargon which will serve as a framework for the new logic. For simplicity's sake and to differentiate it from English, this language may be called Desperanto.

For example, all reasonable men know that the way to stop an enemy from attacking us is to have the capacity to destroy him if he makes the first move. This ability for "instant and massive" retaliation is labeled "deterrence" and for it to be effective we must have overwhelming "deterrent capability." General Power points out that if we have sufficient "deterrent capability," it will be impossible for an aggressor to develop a "confidence factor." "Deterrent capability," the very keystone of the new logic, has several synonyms, of which the one most frequently used is "kill" power. Fortunately, we are told that at the present time our "kill" power—take it for all in all—is superior to the Russians'. However, we are still in danger because of the "missile gap." It is not enough to have over-all superior "kill" power; paradoxically, we must have a surplus of it in order to guarantee our survival. A surplus of "kill" power is called "over-kill" and the key equation of the new theory is, "Over-kill equals total non-survivability plus." In this equation, of course, we have the "over-kill" and the enemy has the "non-survivability plus."

Unfortunately, we do not have enough "deterrent capability" even when we have lots of "over-kill," as we now have. "Over-kill" doesn't take care of "limited aggression" in what Representative Walter calls "fourth-dimensional" war. In order to stop this "limited aggression" threat, we must have "limited deterrents" or clearly there will be a "deterrent gap." We must have an over-all military "posture" capable of defending ourselves by every means from launching "preventive war" (this used to be called "attack" in the old language) to repelling invaders armed with slingshots. I feel myself that the military is guilty of overlooking our slingshot "capability," but perhaps we should not be too harsh, for they have overlooked little else. None the less, the Democratic candidates, particularly Senator Symington, may have a real campaign issue in this slingshot "gap." Fortunately, there is not a correlative "bow and arrow" gap, because we have a ready reserve or "militia" of sportsmen skilled with this weapon.

The logicians of "deterrence" may at last be satisfied when we perfect, as we are sure to do soon, the "Domesday bomb." This weapon, when hitched up to an electronic brain, will be able to destroy the remainder of mankind even if no survivors are left in the attacked country to set it off. This is what spokesmen of the new logic call an "invulnerable deterrent." Apparently this cobalt-coated hydrogen bomb creates a radioactive fallout so excessive that *On the Beach* can become fact—not fiction. This is total "over-kill," or the end of the line. Indeed, the "Domesday bomb" may be the "fantastic new weapon" about which Mr. Khrushchev recently bragged. So the "Domesday bomb gap" may be already upon us, although, due to the "intelligence gap" and a reappraisal of Soviet "intentions" as contrasted with "capabilities," it may be some time before we can know whether we are in this jeopardy. Unless a "Domesday bomb" can be set up in each "free" country the potential enemy's "confidence factor" may become absolutely overwhelming, because according to the experts only a weapon guaranteeing "unacceptable damage" will deter all rational rulers from aggression.

But I foresee a future gap even after we announce that we and all our friends, great and small, also have the "Domesday bomb." Let us suppose that the Russians beat us to the moon. Suppose then that there are two Russians or even a couple of Russian dogs on that satellite when the "Domesday bomb" goes off. Clearly we have failed to reduce "survivability" to zero. We need a "Domesday moon bomb"—one capable not only of destroying mankind on earth but on the moon as well, preferably simultaneously. Without such a deterrent we are at the absolute mercy of the enemy. Let's have no spiritual flabbiness nor lack of zeal in perfecting this weapon. Let's have a "crash" program to meet this problem. Here is a gap which can be foreseen and "definitized." Without possession of this super-massive retaliatory defense deterrent, we can't "finalize" our future.

weaknesses as drunkenness, mental breakdown, misinterpretation, misguided idealism, venality or treason, an accidental nuclear explosion is probable.

Of course, precautions are taken to prevent accidental or unauthorized explosions; the regulations and safeguards are carefully and cunningly devised. But any rule ever devised by man can be circumvented by man. You can't legislate error and weakness out of humanity.

I saw for myself the operation of some of the safety procedures established to prevent the unauthorized dispatch of the Royal Air Force Thor missiles in England. Because these procedures are classified as secret by the Department of Defense, I cannot describe how an apparently foolproof system was being wholly frustrated without malice or deceit on the part of anyone. These were able and honest men doing an important job but, as so often happens, they were blithely ignoring regula-

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tions calculated to prevent an irreparable disaster.

When I sought permission to describe the by-passing of these very procedures in this article, the Department of Defense, through its Congressional liaison officer, expressed great chagrin and surprise. The officer informed me that a complete investigation would be made immediately. There will be no one around to investigate violations that lead to an unauthorized firing.

ALMOST everybody knows that a gun, allegedly unloaded or not, is dangerous. Every day some person is wounded or killed by mishandling these puny weapons. The custodians of the atomic weapons are error-prone mortals.

If you had been the marshal of Dodge City in its heyday you would have kept a loaded six-shooter handy. We too must keep our nuclear weapons handy, and you don't need to know the details to realize that they are poised for instant use. In fact, they are being modified to facilitate quick detonation. On October 28, 1957, Admiral Stump, Supreme U.S. Commander in the Pacific and Asia, affirmed that the United States must retaliate instantly, possibly with atomic weapons, at the first sign of Communist aggression anywhere in the world. The following month, the late Secretary Dulles stated that the order to shoot back in the event of an attack on NATO forces "like that on Pearl Harbor" would be given by the commanders "on the spot."

An explosion caused by a meteor has been mentioned as the possible occasion for confusion and misinterpretation leading to such an order in a world made tense by atomic warheads. And everybody knows that decision times are becoming shorter as count downs for missiles are simplified or in some cases, reportedly in the Soviet Union, eliminated.

This brings us to the question of whether or not one accidental or unauthorized nuclear explosion would be likely to trigger the full-scale massive exchange. Brigadier Barclay wrote that he couldn't "conceive" of such a thing.

In December of 1957, I visited Strategic Air Command Headquarters in Nebraska and was briefed on this problem. Since then I have checked my conclusions many times with other high military officers in and out of the Pentagon. It is agreed that if there were a "mystery" atomic explosion which could not be identified either as an act of aggression or as an accidental or unauthorized explosion, our forces would immediately go into their highest condition of alert.

This means that the ready planes get off the ground and start heading for their targets. It means that other crews and planes are prepared with all speed to get off the ground. The count downs would start on our missiles and hold firm just this side of ignition. Of course, bases and missile sites would be the primary targets of the enemy.

If we were to go on our top alert the Soviet Union would soon follow suit, just as we would do if the Soviet Union had the unexplained atomic explosion in their territory. This leads to a problem for which no one, military expert or not, has given me the solution.

Here is the situation:

Our planes are making for the Soviet Union; theirs are headed toward us. Our missiles are made ready for immediate dispatch; so are theirs. I remind you that we cannot look to the gaping hole and its lethal radioactivity to tell us who caused the explosion and for what reason. There is no wreckage to examine and there are no witnesses to interrogate.

But less than twenty minutes after the explosion, if it happens in the United States, the Soviet Union's condition of top alert will be reported to the White House by our intelligence officers. The tough question is, how can we tell whether the intensive preparations are defensive or offensive?

The answer is that we cannot make any such determination because the preparations for defense and offense are identical.

Our planes can turn back when they reach a certain point, called the fail-safe line, but on what basis do we dare allow them to return when we know the Soviet planes are heading toward us? Is this the time when the President calls up Khrushchev and says, "Tell me the truth now, was that explosion the beginning of an attack on us? Or if it wasn't, are you planning to use our defensive preparation as an excuse for an attack on us?" It seems hardly worth while to make the call, yet how do we extricate ourselves in such a crisis?

BEFORE I venture to propose any remedies, let me suggest a further complication—public panic. Consider the immediate and intensive coverage such an explosion would receive on TV, radio and in the newspapers. Think of the impact on our great urban centers of population—the TV coverage and the descriptions of the magnitude of the physical damages, the numbers of dead and injured. Think of the terrible, unbearable suspense of wondering if this is only the first of many atomic missiles being directed at our country by a powerful and implacable enemy.

It seems likely that an almost universal breakdown in law and order might ensue in the cities as people sought, not unreasonably, to take shelter or, in most cases, get out into the countryside. There would be rioting and looting. The President would appear on TV and his voice would be heard on radio. "Be calm," he would enjoin us, "my information is that this is not part of an attack on us. It was just an unfortunate accident. Please return to your homes." But even he couldn't know for sure that it was an accident.

Let us be optimistic and say that this announcement, along with other measures, does deter a wave of panic. What happens twenty minutes later when the news comes (and it could not be withheld from the American people even if the President so wished) that the Soviet military forces are mobilizing at top speed? Would our people believe the President if he told them that in his opinion the Soviets were only doing this as a defensive measure and that it was not in fact a threat against us? It would be difficult to present a convincing basis for such an opinion.

This introduces one of the remedies that I suggest we begin to apply without further delay—namely, public recognition of the problem

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presented to us by this mixture of maximum weapons, minimum decision times, and mere mortals. At present the official position of both the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission is that accidental or unauthorized nuclear explosions are but "remote possibilities" hardly worth discussing. This position must change.

THE TRUTH is that such explosions are more than probable. They are inevitable. A healthy skepticism of man's ability to manage safely such weapons is the beginning of wisdom; and an acknowledgment of the real odds favoring accident will make public reaction more rational when the accident occurs.

Secondly, further efforts to lessen tensions between the East and West must be made along the lines of the President's example in agreeing to exchange visits with Khrushchev. Increased communication through visitor exchanges can help lead to the sort of understanding which must be the foundation for any honorable, stable peace.

Thirdly, self-enforcing, arms-length disarmament agreements must be negotiated. The most important is with respect to nuclear tests. Once international inspection has been established for one type of armament, its application to wider areas is unlimited and of immensely hopeful potential.

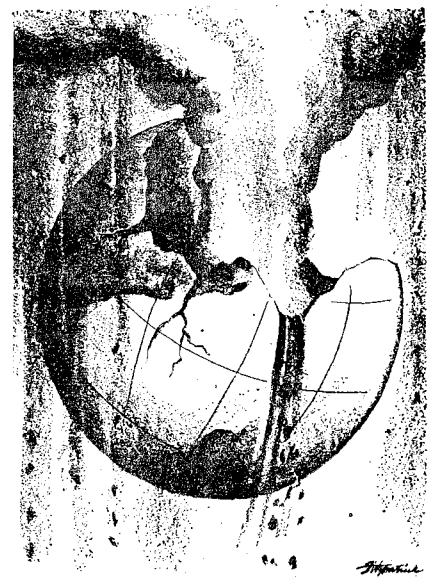
Finally, we must understand that the only alternative to rule of force is the rule of law. The President believes this, so did the late Secretary of State Dulles. So do Vice President Nixon, President de Gaulle, all the top British governmental leaders and, I would estimate, almost every other responsible political leader in the world.

It is essential that the United Nations Charter be reviewed. Indeed, we have delayed too long. High-level studies should start immediately throughout the world, not only within governments but among the peoples themselves. The danger of nuclear doom is clear enough for those who will open their eyes. The dream of a world rule of law may seem impractical at first, but how practical, I have to ask, is a nuclear arms race? Just about as practical, I'd say, as offering those chimpanzees I mentioned earlier more baskets of live grenades.

An essential first step, now awaiting enactment by the U.S. Senate, is the repeal of the Connally Reservation, which permits us at will to deny the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice.

Last year I attended a meeting at which Philip Noel-Baker, Member of Parliament, Nobel Peace Prize-winner and noted disarmament expert, said in an informal conversation that he was an optimist in that he believed universal disarmament was feasible in terms of providing safeguards against one nation's getting an advantage over another, if the nations all decided they wanted that equality.

"But," he added thoughtfully, "I'm also a pessimist in that I believe that in ten years we will all be dead and the earth will be an incinerated relic."



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

End of the missile race?

The man standing next to him, a top scientific adviser in our government, declared, "I believe so too."

I don't believe so. Nuclear doom is not one of the inevitables I intend to accept. The inevitable accidental or unauthorized nuclear explosion need not mean World War III.

I think we are smart enough to survive, but I realize that time is terrifyingly short and that the task is tremendous. An ever-increasing number of devoted men and women are responding to the unprecedented challenge of unprecedented weapons. That gives me faith that we frail human beings and our free nations will not, for a while anyway, perish from this earth.

Straight Thinking on Africa . . *by Henry L. Bretton*

AS SELF-GOVERNMENT and political independence come to more and more of the former colonial territories on the African continent, the critical faculties of the American public will be focused more sharply on events there. Stability and order, democracy and personal liberties being very highly valued in our society, much of what happens in Africa will therefore be judged in those terms. Given the general practice of over-simplification, and also because the departing Europeans have posed the question in this way, the American public will be tempted to evaluate all news from Africa solely in terms of whether the Africans are capable of managing their own affairs. (The question really is contrived and irrelevant, inasmuch as ants and bees appear to be able to manage their own affairs, and, conversely, inasmuch as certain "advanced" elements of the human race appear to have been unable to do so, or at least have made a mess of things for themselves and for

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everybody else.) Young states and societies tend to be sensitive to criticism from outside and it is the purpose of this article to alert the American public to the dangers inherent in failing to temper criticism with the restraints provided by a sense of fairness and by sympathy. The newly developing states of Africa deserve particularly our sympathy and understanding because their experiences do not significantly differ from our own, and the political and social problems encountered by their leaders are not significantly different from those recorded in 2,000 years of history of Western civilization. Most important, perhaps, is the fact that the new states of Africa are no longer dependent upon the good will of the West. If they are so inclined, they can find sympathy, understanding, as well as assistance in other parts of the world.

NEWS coverage of Africa is still in its infancy. It is sporadic and tendentious, and it accentuates the sensational. Too frequently it is filtered through biased agencies, some of European, some of American, identity. It still caters to the public taste rather than to the public intellect. The discovery of a handful of Africans practicing some form of cannibalism appears to have greater news value than the discovery of greatly accelerated educational activity in a newly independent African country. This defect is the more serious because news coverage of an area as unfamiliar to the American public as Africa constitutes the principal source of public information and education.

Assuming, hopefully, a more mature, more sympathetic handling of news from Africa by the Western communications media, several suggestions may provide guidelines for the development of a constructive public opinion on African affairs.

It is not fair to measure contemporary African political performance by the ideals which so-called Western societies have never really attained. In judging African ability to operate modern political institutions and to perform adequately the processes identified with modern politics, we should base our criticism on our own practical performance, rather than on textbook standards or on glorified accounts of our system and of our experiences. We should be prepared to admit that in many instances where newly independent African countries appear to encounter difficulties, we of the Western world have had identical experiences at comparative stages in our development. In some cases we are still struggling with the same problems. If occasions of political

failure or misconduct appear to be less prominent in our social setting, it is because we have gradually and laboriously brought into play effective forces to counterbalance our weaknesses and our failings. There is no reason to assume that Africans will not in time generate similar balancing factors.

It is conceivable that we have been less concerned to apply our great ideals than our citing of them, in the form of lectures to the Africans, would make it appear. It would be difficult to estimate the number of participants in the American political processes who resort to massive deception, gross platitudes and sheer nonsense in order to attain their objectives. We have our share of clowns in office. Massive corruption plagues our major cities. Yet there is remarkably little evidence here of the kind of action or reaction which we expect to see in African lands in response to weaknesses in their systems.

It would not be fair, or just, to forget that whatever we may proudly cite in the way of Western achievements—to be emulated by Africans—came to us only after extended, frequently painful, even tragic, periods of experimentation and failure. Our institutions, and the processes associated with them, did not dramatically and suddenly materialize; they emerged slowly, haltingly, uncertainly, from the muck and mud, and the ignorance of times past. They too are stained with blood, human and sacrificial. Furthermore, an objective review of our history will uncover instances of comedy and farce in government and politics, matching anything now being witnessed as the Africans struggle with the new garments of self-government and independence.

IN EVALUATING African political performance, it would be only fair for us to acknowledge that "man's inhumanity to man" was practiced not only in the outer spaces of Asia but in the very heart of Western civilization. The cruelty and brutality, the total disregard of human dignity, associated with political practice in the Dark and Middle Ages in Europe should never be ignored if meaningful comparisons between the West and Africa are to be made. The multitudinous witch hunts and burnings of the late Middle and early Modern Ages should not be forgotten. The incessant bloody and inhuman European wars should not be overlooked. These wars, too, were tribal in nature, but European historians—and our own—have dressed them up with romantic-sounding names, disguising their pettiness and futility. The cruel and cynical exploitation of Europe's masses by the several aristocratic cliques, and the social and political consequences of that exploitation, should be kept in mind when we examine African chiefs and their "arrangements" with the illiterates of the bush.

It was not so long ago that entire electoral districts could be bought in Great Britain, the cradle of parliamentary democracy. And who would deny that mismanagement, human and material waste, cynical disregard of human rights and of human dignity accompanied the development of the American way of life? There is no reason why Africans should skip every phase of our development and avoid every pit-

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fall into which we stumbled. To be sure, the positive aspects of the record of Western civilization are available to African leaders for study and emulation, but theory and practice cannot readily be brought into line in human affairs, especially when social, psychological and technological conditions are as much in flux as they will be in Africa for some time to come.

EVEN IF identical conditions prevailed in both worlds, it would hardly be reasonable to expect Africans to be more judicious in the management of their public affairs, to be more humane and just in their social philosophies and engineering methods, than has been the case with their Western tutors. Yet, in order to develop the resources of their countries and their trade, European rulers devised policies of ruthless exploitation of their workers and farmers including, as has been dramatized by the Socialists, men, women and children. Progress was made possible at the expense of political rights and social privileges for the vast multitudes. Prosperity was achieved at the expense of higher living standards for the masses. Much of the capital so produced found its way, through investment, into the American economy and to a considerable extent made possible the development of the American way of life.

But conditions encountered by today's African leaders are in certain respects far more demanding than may have been true of Europe 150 or even seventy-five years ago. African leaders must attempt to solve difficult social and economic engineering problems under conditions which might have unnerved almost any European statesman. The African public cannot be kept from knowledge of superior standards of living, as was done in Great Britain, France, or Germany during the periods of maximum exploitation there. Africans are not as "secure" against subversive influences as Europeans were then, partly because of greatly expanded (in volume if not in quality) mass-communications media, improved transportation facilities, improved educational standards and the pressures generated by institutionalized world public opinion. African leaders must develop the economies of their countries from a lower level and more rapidly, and on a broader front, to benefit more people. Their problems are intensified by scarcities of trained personnel and of means which are not the responsibility of Africa's modern leaders.

Finally, we are given to deciding that the peoples of Africa are not capable of self-government because violence tends to accompany the birth of their states. Are not the people who celebrate the Fourth of July among the last people on earth to criticize violence? And it is perhaps obvious to recall the War Between the States and the host of European wars that accompanied the birth of states long forgotten, or of still others that avoided internal bloodshed only by turning aggression upon neighbors.

PERHAPS the United States has less choice in the matter than it might assume. The Soviet Union, being somewhat more akin to the type of state now emerging in Africa, produces leaders who are disposed to be far more sympathetic to their African counterparts than are the leaders of the Western world. The Russian interpretation of history comes closer to that common among African leaders, both pro- and non-Communist, and the Russian struggle to move a backward and underdeveloped country into the twentieth century is sufficiently recent not to have been forgotten. We would do well to ponder this and to shift our concern from the hypothetical danger of Communist aggression in Africa to the fact that Communist sympathy and understanding are being shown there.

The Negro Bids for Union Power . . *by Dick Bruner*

IN JULY, 1958, a group of labor union functionaries at the Cleveland convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People decided to speak out on the convention floor in favor of NAACP endorsement of "right to work" legislation. It would have been tantamount to what the labor movement regards as treason, but these Negro staff members of unions were so angry at the union treatment of Negroes that they were willing to risk the consequences in order to retaliate.

As it turned out, the speeches were never made; the NAACP went on record as opposing "right to work" laws. It was proposed, in the meantime, that the Negro American Trade Union Council (NATUC) be organized.

In April of this year, more than a thousand Negro union members will convene in Detroit to ratify the organization of such a council. Its leaders expect the council to have dues-paying support from a substantial majority of the 1.2 million Negroes in the AFL-CIO. It will operate a national headquarters and regional offices, maintain a professional staff, publish a newspaper, and hold conferences under the direction of a department of education. "It will have a structure like the Jewish Labor Committee," says A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, who is expected to be elected to the top post of the council. The purpose of this new organization is plain: to raise unmitigated hell with, and within, the American labor movement, with the wholehearted support of NAACP.

White liberals, accustomed to an image of Negro-white brotherhood

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within the labor movement, may be shocked by such a revolutionary step. Negroes, however, are not aware of this brotherhood. The labor movement is behind many other parts of our society in granting equality and freedom to Negroes, and they are determined to erect a power bloc of their own and achieve first-class citizenship in the labor movement, without help from what they feel

have been the patronizing go-between efforts of white liberals.

One of the primary functions of the NATUC will be to operate as a caucus within unions with substantial Negro membership. Militant Negro union staffers are eager to create a weapon to discipline "Uncle Tom" staff members who ingratiate themselves with white union leaders and thus avoid discussion of controversial civil-rights issues. Furthermore, the NATUC will seek to elect its own members to union office. Its basic task will be to work for equality of job opportunity for Negroes in all trades and industries.

"We know that whites treat civil rights as one issue among many issues," a highly placed Negro union functionary said. "To us, it is the issue which takes precedence over all others." To the Negro trade unionist it often seems that civil rights is at the bottom of most white labor leaders' lists of priorities. He cites these examples:

Negroes have been trying for years to become members of Local 26 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in Washington. For a while, the federal Government Contracts Committee, headed by Vice President Richard Nixon, made some inept attempts to deal with the problem. Finally, George Meany, AFL-CIO president, took over. He corresponded directly with the national IBEW president about the matter and set October 31, 1958, as the absolute deadline for an end to Negro exclusion. Today there are still no Negroes in Local 26.

Denial of membership in a union is an effective denial of employment in the building trades (it is an old and bitter joke that no Negroes were able to work on the construction of the palatial AFL-CIO headquarters because of the racism of the Washington building-trades unions).

Sometimes this denial takes violent form. Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the NAACP, in 1956 accompanied a skilled Negro cabinetmaker to the Carpenters' Union hall in Terre Haute, Indiana, where the latter submitted his application for membership, along with the required initiation fee.

"After a few minutes, the business agent came out from behind the wicket," Hill said. "He threw the application blank, with the money, in our face and said, 'Look, Boy, you's a nigger. This is a white union!"

The next day the cabinetmaker began building a garage in a white residential area. Pickets arrived, established a picket line, smashed his work, beat him up and sent him to the hospital. Hill called the business agent to protest this treatment, but the business agent had a ready reply: the pickets were protecting trade unionism by giving a scab the treatment he deserves.

VIOLENCE is not typical of union treatment of Negroes but, unfortunately, denial of membership (and, consequently, the right to work at a trade) is more typical than not. Furthermore, there is no effective appeal procedure against discrimination within the AFL-CIO structure.

The AFL-CIO Civil Rights Department has a status in the federation's Washington headquarters just slightly higher than the building's custodial services. Since they have no real communication with the top of the AFL-CIO power structure, the department's three professional staff members are effectively isolated from the federation's main stream. Three years ago, for example, the Urban League called the department's attention to the fact that the San Francisco bartenders' local union does not admit Negroes to membership. A department staff member went to San Francisco, investigated, and found the Urban League allegation to be true. He returned to Washington, drafted a report which was turned over to the Civil Rights Committee, a group of top officers of AFL-CIO unions theoretically responsible for setting the federation's internal and external civil-rights policy. The report became lost in the limbo of oratory that replaces action in the AFL-CIO, and there are still no Negro members of the San Francisco bartenders' local union.

THE truth is that neither the Civil Rights Committee nor the Executive Council has ever solved a civil-rights problem. The committee has not held a conference for nearly two years; other committees usually hold several each year. When it does hold meetings, they are sparsely attended. (Some union presidents who are careful to build a public image of genuine concern for the plight of Negroes are most noted for their absence from committee meetings. Steelworkers President David McDonald, for example, hasn't attended a meeting since 1956.) A problem must be dramatic enough to attract the attention of Meany, who has solved civil-rights problems without the help of either the Executive Council or the Civil Rights Committee; or the problem must be of such a small consequence that it can be solved by one of the professionals in the federation's civil-rights department without having to consult the policy-making committee.

The committee's status can be inferred from the fact that its chairman, Charles S. Zimmerman, is the only AFL-CIO committee chairman who is not the president of an international union. Zimmerman is a vice president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers. As such, he would find it nearly impossible,

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in the protocol-conscious American labor movement, to suggest to an international president that his union's race relations were less than perfect.

Status aside, Zimmerman is not straining at the leash to provoke a serious discussion of the civil-rights issue with the AFL-CIO. He and others who feel like him are convinced that an attempt to enforce the language of convention resolutions would cut up the federation beyond the healing powers of George Meany. Civil rights gets stepchild treatment from the AFL-CIO hierarchy because of the federation's political structure. The powerful building trades (once the backbone of the old AFL and still the largest source of Meany's support) are an impregnable fortress of racism. Nothing happening in the United States or the rest of the world has changed the conviction of the craft-proud carpenter, bricklayer, electrician, or plumber that, when a Negro holds the same job, a white worker is diminished in status; his union's officers support that conviction.

The AFL-CIO's internal politics lay behind one of the biggest public *faux pas* Meany has committed. The federation president could have avoided the noisy break with the NAACP which, early last year, made the labor movement look so bad in the eyes of liberals, the Negro community and much of the world. Before the public conflict between the two organizations began, Roy Wilkins, secretary of the NAACP, sent a letter and memorandum to Meany. The memo outlined in meticulous detail various union discriminatory practices against Negroes. The letter warned Meany of possible fireworks and hinted that a word of assurance from him could resolve the conflict. Meany replied perfunctorily; he was in no position to assure Wilkins that anything could be done about discrimination in the AFL-CIO.

Explicit racism, however, is not the only reason for the frustration of the Negroes who decided to organize the NATUC. Unions like the United Auto Workers, noted for their advanced attitudes on civil rights, are being pressed by militant Negroes to take the ultimate step:

> The statement was made the other night that one of these days a qualified Negro will come along and on the basis of his contribution to his Union he will be recognized. We reject that totally because that confers upon us Negro members of this Union what we think is a special status, a second-class status, so to speak. There is no other group in this Union that has to wait until some day in future to run for office, top office, if you please, in this Union. I think if we would follow that logic then we ought to suggest that Negroes defer paying their dues until such time as they become qualified and eligible to serve on the International Executive Board.

These remarks were part of a speech made at the UAW convention last October 13 by Horace Sheffield, a Negro staff member of the UAW, as he nominated Willoughby Abner, another Negro UAW staffer, for one of the four vice presidential positions. Neither Abner nor Sheffield took the nomination seriously; they were simply making an attempt to provoke discussion of a taboo subject in the UAW — election of Negroes to top office.

One of every eight UAW members is a Negro. Only one of every seventeen UAW staffers is a Negro; in seven UAW regions there are no Negro staff members. Nor are there any Negroes serving on the UAW executive board.

The auto union is fairly typical of "good" unions. Only six AFL-CIO unions have Negroes in elected positions of leadership: the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, the United Packinghouse Workers of America, the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, the Allied Industrial Workers, the International Longshoremen's Association and the National Maritime Union.

NEGRO leaders in the UAW are determined to elect one of their number to the union's international executive board. A group of them met with vice president Leonard Woodcock and Jack Conway, assistant to president Walter Reuther, shortly after last October's convention and told them of their determination. "We intend to have world attention focused on this problem, if necessary, by 1962," said one Negro.

The NATUC will encourage and promote such determination among Negroes in other unions. As Herbert Hill expressed it, "The most significant recent development in Negro attitudes is their refusal to allow whites to represent them and their aspirations. They are determined to do it themselves."

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

ficulty is that the new ideas and forces need not necessarily be on the side of peace.

L. Dewey Radcliffe

Denver, Colo.

Argentine Mirage?

Dear Sirs: When Mikoyan said "They will kill only fish," he spoke with the erudition of an Armenian prophet. The elusive "mystery" (but preferably Russian) submarines supposed to have harassed the Argentine Navy probably never existed.

That Navy has sounded submarines before, and the Argentine Air Force has been alerted to "mystery" planes. Stranger things have occurred, as in 1948-49 when I was in Buenos Aires and the government (then under Peron) kept announcing the successful manufacture of an atomic bomb, with the assistance of a "mystery" Austrian refugee scientist, on a "mystery" island off the southern coast.

What does matter, and this event accentuates it, is the preposterous preoccupation of Argentina, and countries like her, with financially ruinous and morally inexcusable military expenditures. Argentina, barely solvent and desperately in need of farm and industrial machinery, etc., spends vast amounts pampering an officer class, maintaining an army and navy of conscripts, and purchasing and maintaining war ships, jet aircraft and firing power. Sometimes this madness becomes especially apparent and "mystery" subs are spotted as an excuse for a grand maneuver.

F. J. Weissenborn

Boston, Mass.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Long Shadow of Empire

THE END OF EMPIRE. By John Strachey. Random House. 351 pp. $5.

A. P. Thornton

SOME OF the fervors that were expended in the building of Empires are now diffused in writing about them: in this field we find ourselves grappling with that disagreeable concept, "the verdict of history." Historians will of course continue to issue their differing verdicts, appraising this, weighing that, shaking a rueful head at the other; but there does seem to be a general opinion that if Caesar is to be buried it is also fitting to praise him, that indeed it will do no harm to erect a respectable monument over his grave. In the case of the late British Empire, its own monuments cast such long shadows athwart the political structures of Asia and Africa that even the most committed of nationalists is unlikely ever to walk clear of them. If, as happened in 1959 in a provincial assembly in Pakistan, an infuriated politician beats the Speaker of the House so forcibly about the head with a microphone that the unfortunate man later dies, this is no warrant for saying that politicians, Speakers, assemblies and microphones — all of them in their day exports of Empire — are out of place and date and must shortly disappear. It tells us merely that an exported institution needs to be accompanied with the appropriate attitude of mind.

John Strachey, the distinguished Labour politician, is the latest Englishman to examine the record of the British Empire and to come to judgment both on it and on the dilemma of the British people bereft of its comforting psychological, economic and international support. In a strikingly argued and vigorous book that in style and matter could not have come from his radical pen twenty-five years ago, he examines from his own standpoint both the premises and the inhabitants of what was a splendid Hall of Fame, and seeks to plot the course of the drafts that now whistle through its emptinesses. *The End of Empire* is designed as the second volume of a series on the Principles of Democratic Socialism but, as the British Empire was founded and maintained on an entirely different set of principles, the book necessarily falls into two halves.

The first half offers its view of British imperial history, and in particular of the history of British rule in India — for which Mr. Strachey, the descendant of a long line of able and devoted "guardians" of the old Indian Civil Service, has a warm filial regard. He is an emotional writer, and therefore his style and method of attack are well fitted to what is a highly emotional subject; for the British Empire was based on power, and power is neither used not witnessed without emotion. He does not arrive at this notion himself until page 192, and then only gingerly: he has broken free from the direct influence of J. A. Hobson and Lenin, but not from their environment. In searching for a "prime mover" (p. 123) in the story of Empire he is still, in this writer's opinion, too obsessed with the idea that economics underlies it all; that exploitation is the real theme of Empire, and that for that reason alone we are all well rid of it. For the truth is that the Victorian capitalists themselves never saw any point in British India, and they were equally and rightly skeptical about the problematical profits that would accrue, as the imperialist prospectuses so often assured them, from the annexation of large and unproductive areas of the African interior. And few British wage-earners ever cared about India, to its last day under British rule.

If, as Mr. Strachey argues, the British really did receive a psychological shock when "their" Empire was ended, and awaited a fall in their standard of living as an immediate result, there is nowhere much evidence for this. The British governing class — not referred to by Mr. Strachey in these terms, as he is a member of it himself, whether in or out of public office — had certainly always resented the imputations of exploitation that nationalist agitators — supplied with argument from British radicals of Mr. Strachey's own kind — had constantly thrown at its collective head. This class, if too greatly offended in its susceptibilities — as by President Nasser in 1956 — was capable, and may still be yet, of flailing out wildly in a fit of imperialist nostalgia. But the charge that British prosperity was reached on the bent backs of groaning coolies, was one that particularly irritated men who had a long record of experience behind them to prove that only five colonies out of fifty-odd actually managed to balance their budgets, and that only three brought in a profit. Indeed they discovered this more than fifty years ago, and if they did not "end their Empire" then on economic grounds it was because they were politically committed to its existence, they had responsibilities towards its inhabitants — which, as Mr. Strachey rightly insists on and takes pride in, they have largely fulfilled—and they had a defense system of international proportions constructed around it. These are matters much more of power than of profit.

The narrative of this section is excellent, however; I have not read anything better on the first British incursion into India, and Mr. Strachey's handling of the opinions of such imperial seers as Cromer and Milner is balanced and just. All his detail has been most carefully chosen for its point and thrust. This demands a kind of academic accuracy which Mr. Strachey has convinced himself sits uneasily upon him, but in fact his scholarly spectacles become him, and it is only when he puts them aside and steps on to the political platform that a reader may begin to ask questions other than those which the author is determined to put. Was it really true, for example, that a consideration of international strategy was only a minor item in the minds of those who upheld Empire? Was there ever "a modern popular prejudice that Empire means wealth"? Or can it really be said that Empire has ended at all when there is not a single new or emergent nation that can possibly defend itself successfully against attack?

THE SECOND part of the book is much more diverse and diffuse, being in the main speculative rather than critical. Mr. Strachey's mind is wide-ranging, and his view of the modern world and of the part Britain ought to play in it has many profound insights. Like his forebears in India, he believes in mission: "it is the highest mission of Britain in our day to help the underdeveloped world" (p. 244). This itself is an imperial, or imperialist, notion by any common-sense definition of those adjectives, and none the worse for that. He is "immensely proud" of the abdication from India, makes no

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comment on the desertion of responsibility that this necessarily entailed, and sees the British-built administrative system which today operates in India as that country's "priceless asset," comparing it with the chaos left behind by the Dutch in Indonesia. It was "the end" in Egypt, as he rightly notes, that "spoiled everything." If there was something to spoil, that is surely an implication that "end of Empire" is not necessarily virtuous in itself. This confusion of thought is not a sign that Mr. Strachey's own thinking is confused, for he is direct and clear enough: but it does arise from his underlying assumption that Empire was always an economic aberration and bound to bring damaging social and political consequences in its train. Now and then it leads him to make remarks, as an aside to his main theme, which either disprove it or at any rate are worth further investigation. Such a judgment as this, for example, is similar to that which infuriates white men in South Africa every day of the week: "No concern for the future of the French settlers in Algeria, natural as such concern is, should really weigh with a patriotic Frenchman on this issue." This is a bit hard on French settlers, on Algeria itself, and on the idea of patriotism. If a concern is natural, it is perhaps the business of representative government to seek a political means of expressing it.

Mr. Strachey's own patriotism is intense: it is indeed the mainspring of his book, and the reason it makes such a distinctive impact. He is worried that the British people, deprived of the satisfaction of Empire, may become like the people in Spain, with her "three centuries of uninterrupted sterility and rancour" (p. 212). He hopes that the Commonwealth will become a symbol to replace Empire, but admits that it has a long way to go. If Empire was a movement that involved only a minority, it would be hard to contend that the Commonwealth is a movement at all. The old British Empire was built by the service class and the upper civil servants, plus a handful of more or less reputable eccentrics; "the people" for whose welfare Mr. Strachey is concerned could be stirred only by the bunting and the heroes, and then not for long. Still, an imaginative boy might take fire and heart more quickly from a picture of General Gordon at bay in Khartoum than he will from a speech by Mr. Diefenbaker or Mr. Menzies. I do not think, with Mr. Strachey, that the nation will "break its heart" if its imagination is not fired *somehow*; but I agree with him that it may indeed lose its soul, and that is a more desperate fate.

A good book, with an unusual crusading touch; a warmhearted book from a gifted mind. What defects it has indicate its qualities.

Power and Frustration

Michael D. Reagan

IF A liberal feels frustrated by the stranglehold over legislation exercised by the Republicrat coalition in Congress, and fears that the "tweedledum-tweedledee" characterization of our parties is being proved correct, it can be perversely refreshing to read Edwin L. Dale, Jr.'s book on conservative frustrations in power. For Dale's well-documented thesis is that on matters of economic policy there *is* a clear difference between Republican and Democratic administrations.

On questions of tight or loose money, budget-balancing, economic growth and welfare expenditures, the Republican position is definably different from the Democratic. And on the basic point of anti-recession policy, far from there being a post-Keynesian consensus that budget deficits are the proper medicine, Dale finds considerable reason to doubt that a conservative administration would purposely run a deficit to stop a recession. (In 1954 and 1958, the deficits that stimulated recovery were for the most part inadvertent.)

CONSERVATIVES IN POWER: A Study in Frustration. By Edwin L. Dale, Jr. Doubleday and Co. 214 pp. $3.95.
THE CONSERVATIVE ILLUSION. By M. Morton Auerbach. Columbia University Press. 359 pp. $6.75.
UP FROM LIBERALISM. By William F. Buckley, Jr. McDowell, Obolensky. 205 pp. $3.50.

But if there are differences between the Presidential (if not as clearly between the Congressional) branches of the parties, do these reflect clear political philosophies grappling with the problems of American society — or simply intuitive, pragmatic reactions? The second alternative is the right answer, and it points to the troubles in which liberalism and conservatism now find themselves.

The problem of conservatism as a political movement is simply the unreality of its assumptions. As M. Morton Auerbach demonstrates by examining the writings of Kirk, Viereck and Peter Drucker, as well as those of Burke, conservatism has yet to find a social base to replace the landed aristocracy that never existed in America; and it has failed utterly to come to grips with industrialization and democracy. A business-based party is the closest thing we have to a conservatism that has effective power; and business conservatism bears little relationship to classic conservatism with its orientation toward tradition and authority .

If one turns to William Buckley, Jr., the *enfant terrible* of today's self-styled conservatism, one gets another kind of irrelevance: that of the defender of nineteenth-century economic orthodoxy. And this position, while perhaps closer to the businessman's mind than, say, the theories of Kirk, suffers the defects that it is neither: (1) in touch with the reality of the contemporary mixed economy, nor (2) conservative in any philosophical sense.

In short, the exponents of classic conservatism have no message for the world of industrialization and universal suffrage; and the business-oriented conservatives lack any sense of society at all, lost as they are in a defunct individualism.

THE PROBLEM of liberalism's shortcomings is a bit more complex, for on the surface it appears to be well attuned to reality. Are not liberals aware of, and pressing for action to solve, the trouble spots in education, housing and urban renewal and depressed areas? They are indeed ready to jump in and help; their hearts are in the right place. But look at their approach.

Each problem is taken by itself, without relating it to other problems and without any attempt to assess the extent to which some basic characteristic of our society may lie behind a whole range of problems. The solution is invariably a new federal grant-in-aid program — piecemeal tinkering with both the federal structure and the economy. The Democratic Advisory Council issues heady statements on farm problems and the school crisis; but it has yet to issue any analysis of the structure of American society or of the operations of

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Five Last Poems . . by Dilys Laing

DILYS LAING died suddenly on February 14. Her published work consists of two volumes of poetry, a novel and the poems that appeared over the past thirty-odd years in numerous American and British periodicals. A collection, *Poems from a Cage*, has been announced for publication this spring. Her work is sensitive and sharp and reflects both an unsentimental love for the world and its denizens and an indignation at the ironic incompleteness and warping of our destinies.

Dilys Laing's contribution to poetry is not confined to her own writings. The dictum that poets are born, not made, is true enough in its way (it applies equally well to the practitioners of all the arts, and probably to scientists, surgeons, lawyers and athletes). But a poet does need a certain amount of "making" too. One of the desirable ingredients of his making is an audience, a live audience, and preferably one that can understand and criticize.

About fifteen years ago Dilys Laing and her husband, himself a poet and novelist, began providing poets who lived in and about the Dartmouth area with just such an audience. There was nothing planned or formal about these "poetry meetings." We met — usually at the Laings' house — whenever it seemed to be a good idea.

The people who gathered there to read and discuss their work were of all ages and degrees of experience. They were undergraduates, faculty members, townsfolk, established poets and beginners. They went there, not to exhibit their poetry for approbation, but to try it out on their peers. The criticism they received was serious and practical. Almost invariably it was useful. Dilys Laing herself was a perfect audience, not only because of her critical perception, but also because of her ability to share in what Proust calls *"la joie du créateur."* She was as excited over a good poem by a fellow poet as she would have been if she had written it herself.

The "Thursday Poets," which the Laings also evolved some years ago, differs from the poetry evenings in that it is open to the public, that it meets regularly on Thursday afternoons and that, in addition to workshop sessions, it schedules readings by visiting or local poets or undergraduates who are ready for a public reading.

It was not Dilys Laing's way to have protégés or disciples. She did not discover poets — though she did help reveal them to themselves and others. By her perception and love and the special qualities of her spirit she created a climate that inspired poets to discover, rediscover and renew themselves.

—RAMON GUTHRIE

Dance of Burros

Nothing at all more delicate and charming
than the way the donkeys came,
their eyes downcast like eyes of senoritas
taught to dissemble shame

their small hooves treading neatly, shoes of dancers
making a shape for music, striking the stones
into sudden tune, tapping the brookbed street
to echo on the adobe. How could bones

travel so nimbly under the tall sun
carrying burdens as the donkeys did:
cubed fields of cornstalks? And the pale maize rustled
in frail percussion from the carrying tread.

Piano piano piano the beasts drummed by
with delicate beat, as light as twigs on tile,
through raining light above their own small shadows
trotting in single file.

And three brown men in white, beneath sombreros,
moved with the donkeys quietly, to climb
the cobbled hill. The white walls yawned them in,
burros and men and burdens keeping time.

The Double Goer

A woman took a train
away away from herself.
She thought: I need a change
and wheels make revolutions.
I'm half a century old
and must be getting somewhere.
And so she futured on
away from her own presence.

The landscape boiled around her
like a pan of beans.
A man without a face
made her ticket holy.
Adventure thrilled her nerves
restless rapture shook her.
Love is in the next seat,
she mused, and strength and glory
are over the hill, and I
grow younger as I leave
my me behind.

The telephone wires were staves
of a quintet score.
The hills were modulations
through the circle of keys.
Freedom is music, she thought,
smiling at the conductor.
This is your station, lady,
he snapped, and on the downbeat
she stepped to the vita nuova.

A crowd had come to meet her
and they were fond in greeting:
husband, child, and father,
mother, and all the neighbors.

They travel as fast as I do,
she thought, and turned to climb
back to freedom's flying.
The door was shut. The train
streamed off like spilled water.

She faced the crowd and cried:
I love you all but one:
the one who wears my face.
She is the one I fled from.

They said: You took her with you
and brought her back again.
You look sick. Welcome home.

Genesis and Exodus

The home that we all seek
is no man's land
between the right and the left hand
between the light and dark.

Woman and man, earth and heaven,
we face each other's garden
and find only Eden
from which we must be driven.

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In a Green Shade

We, the god-imagining mammal,
whose flesh is baked of corn or clay:
a sacrificial meal for the compost-goddess—
what nourishment shall we supply
to feed the vigor of our thinking seed?

Will our children bless our bones that tick
in the contaminated earth, or curse
their crazed heirloom, the fallout from our hands?

How can the young take heart from history—
clinical record of their family sickness?
In our disease they dread their raving death
and long debility. They learn that they might be
Attila, Caesar, Hitler, Jenghiz Khan,
bloody uniters of the savage world.

Yet at two trees death gives them measure
of human stature: death at the legal tree
of Rouen, where a country virgin
is winnowed into ash and immortal virtue;

death at the legal tree on the hill of the skull
where a delinquent Jew is nailed to Godhead;

but at one tree, at Gaya, in Bihar,
the contemplated navel of the world,
blood is illicit, cruelty renounced.
The living fig tree of the Buddha, fat with seed,
sucks mercy from the breasts of death
and tents our seed against immoderate suns.

The Sacred Wood

(For Ned O'Gorman)

In the forest of the Alphabet the child
could not pass the tree called Fear.
The deathly owls came mewing from its boughs
and ripped the hinges of his tongue.

The boy wept at his teacher's knee:
"I cannot learn to read my life."

In the forest of the Alphabet the youth
could not pass the tree called Joy.
Two phoenixes came flying from its boughs
and tried to strike his tongue to fire.

The youth said to the long-eared crowd:
"Your eyes have stricken me with fear,
I cannot read my poems clear."

In the forest of the Alphabet the man
reached the holy oak Omega.
The winged sun was beating in its boughs
and dropped a leaf of light upon his tongue.

The poet sang to the black century:
"Here in the sacred wood I stand,
a sickle burning in my hand
to cut the bough that is a brand,
and they who love will understand."

(Continued from page 211)

power, by which the relationship between discrete social problems and the character of the society might be related. Lacking any theory of what causes social dislocations in America, the liberals are unable to suggest *basic* reforms that might diminish the rate at which new problems similar to the old ones arise. It is in this sense that liberals are "lost." (In must be said, however, that it is better to propose ameliorative measures, even if one lacks a more fundamental strategy, than to be void of ideas at both levels — as the conservatives are.)

Liberals in large numbers have joined in the post-war "American celebration" and have accepted the alleged virtues of "pluralism" and checks and balances without much analysis of the anti-action, anti-democratic implications for social policy of a political system designed to frustrate the majority in general and the unpropertied in particular. By so doing they have failed, as Robert Lynd has said, to develop a theory of social power for social ends, and a set of institutional reforms to make such a theory effective. In the absence of a more basic critique of our society's ailments than has yet made, liberals may find that instead of a political breakthrough the sixties may bring them, too, frustrations in power.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ALBERT CAMUS' *Caligula* (54th Street Theatre) is replete with atrocities and a profoundly moral play. For Camus was above all a moralist. This does not mean that his play is without dramatic power. But like most parables its interest inheres in its ideological content rather more than in its surface story. That is one reason why the play, for all its record of vice and crime, does not deeply shock or move us. We know that its savagery—though historical—is only symbolic.

Written in 1938—when Camus was twenty-five—*Caligula* reflects a sensitive man who came of age in an epoch of concentration camps and civic nihilism. More important than this is the atmosphere of despair at a time when intelligent and educated people had begun to question all traditional values—when, as I once heard Camus express it, "music had lost melody, painting form, poetry rhyme and meter, thought conviction, history sense and religion God." Nothing seemed left but a bleak emptiness in which everything is possible because everything is permitted. Expression in this wasteland without limits could become only violent or mad. Fierce and bloody action itself appeared to cause no human repercussion.

The young men of France felt themselves spent. When war broke out in 1939 and France collapsed, shaming itself not alone by defeat but by the behavior of so many of its most respected citizens, there seemed nothing left to do but abandon oneself to the filthy tide or rebel. Many of those who rebelled (like Camus) did so not in the name of their country alone nor in the name of any certified value—for they were skeptical of all explicit values—but from a sense of the spirit within them, a spirit we might call the remnant of human feeling which miraculously (or mystically) rejects the brutal disorder that nature and society perennially foster.

Caligula attempts through an inverted idealism to attain freedom by imitating the anarchic ferocity of life and destroying all that he and the world had hitherto regarded as sacrosanct or proper. He becomes a logical killer by pursuing the illogic of nature and society —archkillers themselves. The end of such action is a secretly desired suicide;

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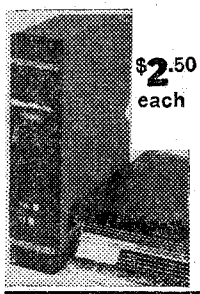

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for a man cannot deny life without eliminating his own. One cannot destroy others without creating an aloneness more terrible than death. No individual can sever his connection with his fellows; who says connection inevitably says love—no matter how the word may be distorted.

In reviewing Stuart Gilbert's translation of Camus' plays last year (Justin O'Brien's translation for the stage is much better) I wrote that they were important rather than good. I meant that while Camus' plays—to me *Caligula* is the most interesting—are the emblem of a generation and a clue to much that has been thought, written, painted and happened not only in France since the war but to some extent almost everywhere in the West, they are not completely realized works. The writing—while distinguished—does not achieve the white heat or specific imagery of poetry, the characters and scenes attain only a general or moralistic definition.

Camus himself seems to have sensed this, for he acknowledged the play's shortcomings and spoke of *Caligula* as an actor's and director's play. To this and to all I have already said I should add that, for all its flaws, I found that the play merited and got my absorbed attention: that it is in short a superior piece with trenchant passages throughout. The production—simple to emaciation in Paris 1945, where it was a tremendous success with Gérard Philipe—here leans to the spectacular.

I have been told that Camus advised Sidney Lumet, who directed the play, to eschew the obligatory austerity of its original production. Perhaps Camus thought our audiences might find a stark presentation forbidding. But I am not at all sure that there is not some other style for the play which would be neither bare in the manner of an improverished Paris nor costly in keeping with our prosperity. I am sure that Broadway with its high prices—behind and in front of the curtain—does not provide the most favorable conditions for the mounting of such a play.

Sidney Lumet's direction is intelligent, faithful and sometimes ingenious. Yet all the details of the production struck me as being somehow irrelevant. One cannot help being "held" by the lighting, the set, costumes, etc., but I could not really like them, because in some peculiar way they all seemed foreign to the author's idiom. They are too elaborately decorative to suggest classic restraint, too mechanically modern to be inconspicuously beautiful. Kenneth Haigh's Caligula is creditably, even impressively sincere, and accomplished to a degree. It lacks only the astringency of intellectual anguish and tragic dimension. In the role of a humanist Phillip Bourneuf's straightforward intention and diction reach the mind.

ONE OF the distinctly better off-Broadway productions this season is *The Prodigal* by Jack Richardson (Downtown Theatre). This is also the work of a twenty-five-year-old who employs age-old material—in this case that of the *Orestia*.

Richardson's Orestes is a young skeptic; at once entirely indifferent to the fundamentalism of his father, Agamemnon (representing established notions of culture and progress), and scornful of the somewhat gross egalitarianism of his mother's lover, Aegisthus. This Orestes is a princely beatnik who preaches the graceful quietism of a Christopher Fry hero with barely a trace of bitterness. But events, history and more especially the presumed hot blood of the theatre audience, which demands commitment, will sweep Orestes into a reluctant gesture of heroism which, as we all know, must entail vengeance and murder.

Richardson writes well; his play is refreshingly literate and occasionally witty (he has undoubtedly read Giraudoux) and there are signs in it of a genuine theatre flare. I am not wholly convinced that the most fruitful path for an American playwright who forswears naturalism is one which leads back to Attic models. This young playwright has a gift for words and with time may well develop a personal style and something a little more concrete to say.

The production under Rhodelle Heller has been aptly staged and is well spoken by a hearteningly confident cast.

Two Sentences

(Wellfleet Harbor)

The continuous hissing of
the ebbing tide says,
"Indians who took
oysters in this bay
were better than these whites,
had hotter hearts and senses
to nature sharper, though
superstitious and square-jawed."

But as the low sun flamed
in the mirror-water and
the calm of evening
was deafening, I heard
whispers of eternal
poetry and sprang up
onto my motorcycle
before it was too late.

PAUL GOODMAN

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What Has Happened to the Chair?

Leslie Katz

WHAT, if anything, is happening to the American at mid-century? What are designers, manufacturers and merchandisers doing to him, with his consent? For a quick answer to these and other questions, let us look at what has happened to the chair. We can look in any furniture store, ten-cent store or drug store. Today chairs are on sale everywhere.

Like people a generation ago, chairs of the past were round and upholstered and stuffed full of great ample cushiony, tufted, buttoned-up places. Or, they were high, straight-backed, and upright (fancy or simple, mahogany or pine), having an alert dignity, solid and still or rocking gently, to and fro.

Today's chair tends to be a rigidly molded free form of homogenized synthetic rubber, mounted and angled to give a floating effect with a niche built in for a tendency to slump, a foam that buoys, a form that fits, a sling that slings, a fulcrum that reclines, or a machine that vibrates.

Perhaps the function of sitting has altered. When sitting at home, people used to have a formal relation to other people. In times past, a person sat down for one of a variety of special purposes, such as to read, rest, converse with visitors, tell stories, work with the hands, hold something or someone in the lap. Today's chairs appear designed to collapse in, or as instruments in the fight against collapse.

The modern sitter is very busy and has no time to waste. When he sits he expects the chair to *do* something. If the chair is just going to stand there, it must be an object of art. Some modern chairs are too beautiful to sit in. The human physique spoils their perfect lines.

THE revolution in chair design has been won and the designer has been enthroned. We should remember that the designer, like the engineer and the architect, is a man of science, as well as an artist and creator. He knows what is best for us, just as the doctor does, or the psychiatrist or the priest. But the designer has his problems; he too is human. He is torn between the needs of science and the needs of art. He must invite and respect the seat of the sitter. At the same time, he must preserve intact the integrity of the chair.

Fortunately, he is aided by modern materials. Bent plywood will bend to his wishes. Rubber-coated wire has its own way of sitting, but isn't too particular. Fiberglas, being indestructible, has almost no feelings at all, and can be made to fit and outwear practically any sitter.

In the United States, the moral virtues of sitting (Save Your Heart!) are winning out over the mystique of design (Form Follows Function!). Americans today are tending to sit, not because it's good for the chair or for Le Corbusier, but because it's good for the sitter. They recognize the chair as a tool of inspired uplifting purpose. Opposing the design for which the human being is a mere decorative addition, they favor the scientifically conceived shell seat which induces and promotes proper sitting posture. The next development in chairs may well be a patented means of frying each one to personal order, like the molded space shoe, based on a plaster cast of your spine.

IN OUR age of motorized activity, wherein the home resembles an outsized cockpit decorated with instrument panels, and a man may spend more hours in his automobile than his house, what could be more natural than the present vogue of the electric lounge chair that vibrates? Sears Roebuck offers three models for living room or den. The company's best is a three-motor vibrator lounger that gives variable massage at back, seat and legs; each adjusts from very mild to very strong. There is a separate finger-tip rheostat control for each vibrator, and a fully automatic timer, adjustable from five minutes to one hour, that shuts off motors as desired. "Relax in glorious comfort while simple tension and fatigue are eased away. Enjoy deep vibration daily in privacy of home or office. For all members of the family."

Life is the jitters; vibration is a kind of empathy. When you come home after a hard day, you can climb in, recline, turn on one of the motors and taper off. Others in the family will have had all day to vibrate.

This is progress. Our dizzy forebears considered marathon dancing and flagpole sitting exhilarating spectator sports. At mid-century, every man can make and break endurance records in his own home — not just for fun, but because

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LESLIE KATZ writes fiction and essays. His first book, Invitation to the Voyage, *was published here (Harcourt, Brace) and in England.*

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it's good for him. Ideology rules every roost.

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What does the future hold? A table to lie down on? A bed to eat off of (or at)? Perhaps, even, a chair to stand in? The American imagination must not flag or fail us now. Advertisements for the latest furniture often show modern people sitting on the floor, gazing in rapture at the chair. Maybe we'll all end up on the floor together.

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RECORDS

Lester Trimble

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM's readings are interesting as much for their lapses as for their splendors. Even when the performances do not go as one thinks they should, there is a refreshing flavor about them of iconoclasm and musicianly honesty. They have personality. Only an Englishman, I suspect, could maintain such individualism within a framework of scholarship and tradition.

In its best portions, Beecham's RCA Victor recording of Handel's *Messiah* is marked by a kind of consciousness that almost transforms thought into sensation. A forceful example of the effect can be found in the *Pastoral Symphony* of the oratorio's first part. In this instrumental interlude, which sets the scene for the soprano recitative, "There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night," Beecham controls every note. Everything is attenuated (though the triple meter is not violated, nor is there genuine rubato) in order to establish a skylit-night mood. It is in a different world of insight from the usual, ingenuous treatment accorded the *Pastorale*. Since the manipulation of each phrase and integral ornament is so apparent and deliberate, I cannot guarantee that the effect will be as happy on a twenty-fifth hearing. One could become impatient. But for the first hearings, at least, I find it lovely, and revealing many unsuspected meanings in the music. It also establishes a necessary change of mood. Coming shortly thereafter, the soprano aria, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion!" runs off at an incredibly fast tempo, and goes more perfectly than I would have thought possible at such a speed. It could not have been done without the preparation of the *Pastorale*.

That is the bright side of Beecham's *Messiah*. There are other sections which do not say anything or at least anything remarkable. They are marked by a passivity which could mean that the conductor did not have any precise idea in mind, or that he was working with performers who were not able to execute his ideas. Giorgio Tozzi, a basso whose fine reputation is deserved, does not seem to fit well into the general spirit of this performance. There is nothing definite to criticize, save a flabby phrase at the very beginning, but he does not match the mood of Anglo-Saxon alertness that is this recording's principal asset. The soprano Jennifer Vyvyan, contralto Monica Sinclair, tenor Jon Vickers, all sing splendidly, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus are extraordinary.

CHARLES MUNCH and the Boston Symphony Orchestra have recorded, also for RCA Victor, Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symponies. In the latter, the New England Conservatory Chorus and soloists Leontyne Price, Maureen Forrester, David Poleri and Giorgio Tozzi are participants. The performances are smooth, but unremarkable. Munch does achieve an unusually pretty effect in the little military march of the *Ninth Symphony*, but other than that, the music is presented in routine professional manner. RCA Victor LM-6066 (2 disks).

The Mendelssohn *Violin Concerto* and the Prokofieff G Minor Violin Concerto have been recorded by Jascha Heifetz, with Munch and the Boston Symphony as accompanists. Heifetz is still the greatest violinist in the world, and his playing, even when it throws musicianship aside in order simply to dazzle, has the advantage of an almost unbelievable technique. I don't care that he speeds up the fast movements in the Mendelssohn, since the music has little to say. But listening to them is like trying to read station names from the window of a behind-schedule express.

Heifetz' performance of the Prokofieff concerto pays more respect to the music. Perhaps he is less bored with it. He sems less deeply involved than he was in an older recording of the work, which is no longer available. However, his tone is ideal for this de-sentimentalized sentimental music, and one can argue against this performance only from the evidence of the earlier one. RCA Victor LM-2314.

Jean Martinon and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra present readings of the Prokofieff Fifth and Seventh Symphonies which, in terms of perceptiveness, differ greatly. The Fifth is colorful and accurate of statement; the Seventh is partially hamstrung by unconvincing, over-slow tempi, and a general misunderstanding of the music's requirements. Martinon's reading of the Fifth, however, is worth hearing. RCA Victor LM-2272 (*Symphony No. 5*); RCA Victor LM-2288 (*Symphony No. 7*).

The marvelous harpsichordist, Wanda Landowska, is presented on an RCA Victor Memorial Edition (LM-2389) in performances of the J. S. Bach Two and Three Part *Inventions*. This is a delightful disk, with a portion devoted to spoken commentary on the music by Landowska herself. Since this remarkable woman died in August of last year, the remarks now have a particular poignance.

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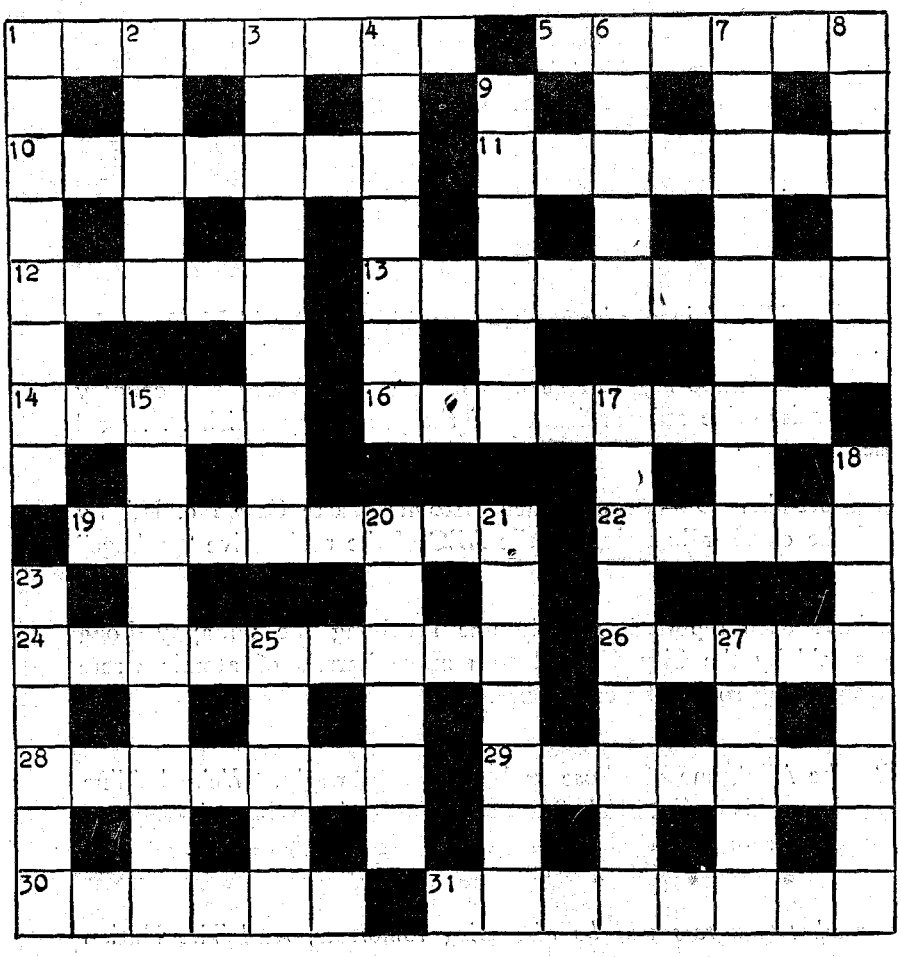
Crossword Puzzle No. 857

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Bill seems crazy, perhaps, to allow a girl to get home. (3, 5)
5 Might be written across the trophies. (6)
10 Horses, banks, and ceilings might be. (7)
11 A safeguard for tumbling locks. (7)
12. What's the good word, if nothing but a basic idea? (5)
13 What might happen with too much yen? (9)
14 and 22 R v R's is popularly misnamed, but a sundial couldn't serve as such. (5, 5)
16 Not exactly a sign of majority, but the lettered might use it. (4, 4)
19 One might become rather attached to marine life, like Mrs. Apley. (8)
22 See 14 across
24 Tidy and neat, with a bow on front, to start the pattern. (9)
26 What the 22 should stay on? (5)
28 In 2, the French find it worn. (7)
29 A number of Shakespeare's 14? (7)
30 How even the most trembling lovers might go? (6)
31 What one does with his arms as a matter of honor? (8)

DOWN:

1 See 6 down
2 Certain people are not filled with it. (5)
3 How to make good pets? (Yours might be left, but everyone else's is right there!) (3, 2, 4)
4 Do those interminable finales, from the narrower aspect? (7)
6 and 1 down What Tell led for freedom in 22, perhaps. (5, 8)
7 He might be there for the opening. (10)
8 The sounding of Cape Cod, also Nantucket. (6)
9 Certainly not the tool of Fair Trade. (6)
15 The sign of noble souls, according to Aesop. (9)
17 Sam Walker, Senator and Representative? (9)
18 Puts the roof on the sort of things Carry carried. (8)
20 Demands the specific curve? (6)
21 Lee offered it, possibly. (7)
23 They might be spoken in a quasi-despairing voice. (6)
25 Hamlet's flesh? (5)
27 Fay might be. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 856

ACROSS: 4 Turquoise; 9 Dirt cheap; 10 Sword; 11 Afterward; 12 Avail; 13 Stealthily; 17 Clove hitch; 21 Pique; 22 Enlighten; 23 Atilt; 24 Satanical; 25 Trojan War; 26 Apses. DOWN: 1 Pedlar; 2 Rarity; 3 Secure; 4 and 1 across The Last Time I Saw Paris; 5 Rapid calculator; 6 Upstarts; 7 Isobaric; 8 End plays; 14 Ice plant; 15 Mosquito; 16 Dementia; 18 Agenda; 19 Stocks; 20 Uncles.

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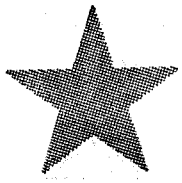

When Is Truth?

In "Test Case on Atomic Waste," published in our issue of August 1, 1959, Gerald McCourt described the turmoil in a Connecticut town which followed the awarding of an Atomic Energy Commission contract to a local trucker for the temporary storage of atomic wastes. What this country needs, Mr. McCourt concluded, "is a nation-wide standardization of the process by which . . . local permits are issued" for this purpose.

About two months later — on September 19 — we published "Atomic Waste Case No. II," by Grace DesChamps — another tale of the cavalier handling by the AEC of the radioactive "garbage" produced by atomic energy.

Since then other similar cases have been reported, notably one involving the unhappy Long Beach, California, junkman who was told by the City Council to remove barrels of atomic waste from his yard — and was stopped from doing so by the city police.

* * *

All this has now caught up with the AEC, one of whose spokesman says wryly, "We're holding a can of worms." And in the House, three bills — HR 8187, 8423 and 7014 — have been introduced calling for transfer of atomic-waste control from the AEC to the U.S. Public Health Service.

* * *

The moral? If you want to know what Congress will be discussing tomorrow, read The Nation *today.*

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